

# The St. Joseph's Collegian

Collegeville, Indiana.

20

1931-

1932

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Completed



October, 1931









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Entered as Second Class Matter at Collegeville, Ind.. October 20,  
1927, under Act of March 3, 1897.

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VOL. XX

OCTOBER 15, 1931

No. 1

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## DETERMINATION

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It may befall, that just to prove a man,  
The World will test his metal, dare his worth,  
Will search his purpose and defy his strength  
If she observes him struggling with a plan.  
Yet he who fiercely fights and shows no dearth  
Of courage, him the World will choose at length  
To blaze a trail for her own destiny  
And make for her most stately history.

So when it seems, my friend, that Fate's array  
Would break your every scheme for life's success,  
Then pray your fortitude to stand at bay,  
And muster courage, summon to your aid  
Your every force of soul, you can assess:  
Defend the aspirations you profess!

Robert Nieset '32

## PAWNS OF FORTUNE

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Although the world is generous—most generous in giving ovations to a winner—it delights in hanging a sword of Damocles above the head of every newly crowned “king.” If the thread should break and the sword drop, oh horrors, what chagrin does not the sting of failure bring! Any newly crowned “king,” no matter in what department of human endeavor, must be ready to outwit the best and worst strategies of the future; for future and fortune are not necessarily friends. Whether a man be president of his country or the “king of swat,” little difference does it make as to what may come tomorrow. The future has a nasty way in muddling fortunes, and a muddled fortune, however good, is as bad as the worst of failures. Just as there is but one step from the pleasant to the stupid, so there is but a hair’s breadth between applause and mockery. Sweet is the nectar of cheers, but bitter the gall of hoots. Riding the crest of popularity may be great sport, but if the jockey of fortune should slip from his mount—what then? Fortune is said to have a chessboard on which men are pawns. If she gives them a bad move, they will get a bad break—slide into a slump, but is it not possible for them to become unslumped? Energy, courage, daring—what has life to do with these forces?

Hard hitters are always feared and loved as a matter of course for they recognize in the nobler forces of life a means of escaping the humdrum existence of mere pawns on fortune’s chessboard. Charles Martel, the Hammer; Ruy Diaz, the Cid; Richard the Lion-Hearted—all have emblazoned their names on the pages of history. If they were toys in the hand of fortune, they knew at least how to become



shining pawns that attracted attention. The day of the mace and broadsword by which they cut their way through life has passed away, but the same love for power to be gained by a free and easy swing still abides. In our day the mace and the broadsword have been exchanged for the bat. During the baseball season of 1921, George "Babe" Ruth swung himself into enviable fame by twirling a bat so swiftly for the New York Yankees that he broke all previous home-run records in "balldom" by the glorious number of fifty-nine. Presently the unassuming, corpulent individual became a hero, an idol. Movies, athletic goods, cigarettes, and a host of other things rode into popularity on the wave of "Babe's" fame. Truly Don Juan of Austria did not receive greater acclaim after the battle of Lepanto from the people than did this hero—the immortal, the wonderful "king of swat."

But fortune made a bad move at her game during the following ball season, and "Babe" fell into a slump. Evidently someone had drilled his bat full of holes. Like the mighty Casey, he would strike out at critical moments. Slowly, but steadily, he was pushed from his throne. The crowds that formerly stampeded in an effort to secure his autograph, now derided him with "boohs" and "take-him-outs." Was he subject to Damoclean shivers, or was fortune fumbling at her game in his case? At any rate "Babe" began to realize how fickle and cruel is the world's praise.

The "king of swat" however, could not be discouraged by a bad break. He knew that life had cures for failures. He squared his shoulders, worked hard and vindicated the right to his title. Some years after his early triumph, he smashed his previous record without asking fortune's "yes" or "no."

The resolve that grows out of energy and courage did that for him what fortune failed to do; and, in consequence, as long as the national game of baseball lives, the name of "Babe" Ruth will be linked to it as a token of splendid achievement.

Glittering objects attract the eye of grown-ups as well as of children—why should they not be in special favor as pawns on the chessboard of fortune? Perhaps the president of a country is a gewgaw that engages the fancy of fortune more than do kings and horses. This would seem to be a fact when contemplating the career of President Hoover. During the world-war he enjoyed the advantages of a lucky move when he came to the fore by solving many intricate economic problems. Later, through his remarkably efficient relief work for the Mississippi flood sufferers he curried so much popular favor that the Republican Convention at Kansas City, which gave him the nomination for the highest office in the land, could not be anything more than a waste of time and money. Truly it seemed that the presidential campaign was likewise a needless expenditure, for he rumbled into the White House on the peak of an electoral majority—the greatest in the history of the United States. Naturally, when Hoover took the presidential oath on that cold, rainy day, March 4, 1929, wonderful deeds for the good of the country and halcyon days were confidently expected. Whatever ailment beset the government or afflicted the people would surely, as was widely supposed, find its remedy at the hands of this superman.

Events at the beginning of Mr. Hoover's term of office appeared to augur the most brilliant success. His arms' embargo stifled a Mexican revolution; his commissions investigated tough and tangled old problems; his special session of Congress was hope-



ful in dealing with farm relief and tariff revision. But quickly fortune grew tired of smiling upon her exalted protege. She left him stranded in an awkward position on her chessboard. Farm relief didn't work; the tariff fight disclosed political ineptitude; the stock market collapsed, and Humpty-Dumpty was in danger of falling so hard that "all the king's horses and all the king's men could not pull Humpty-Dumpty up again." And just in the midst of all this trouble, in order to give Mr. Hoover a real bad break, as it seems, nature brought on the worst drought in the history of the country. But to the majority of the voters these obstacles in the way of the president did not even have a show of bad consequences. As time shambled onward, however, bad consequences did appear, and it was then that all sorts of flaws were suddenly detected in the Hoover administration. Censure of every kind found its way by every track to the doors of the executive mansion. In spite of the most heroic efforts on the part of the president, economic conditions throughout the country were growing critical. Those who at first fondly believed that catastrophes were a gift from heaven for Mr. Hoover in order to give him a chance at wonder-working as a disaster expert, soon felt badly dismayed when they found that no waving of the political wizard's wand could dispel hard times.

There is a saying, "Give a man a chance!" Will time enable Mr. Hoover to recover his poise and develop his old time punch? If there are any indications that this is a possibility, then a real chance should be given him. That his early achievements in the face of obstacles afford good reasons to believe that he will stage a come-back is certainly evident and if he will only appeal to the better forces of life, and if he will refuse to remain a mere pawn on



the chessboard of fortune, he may yet reinstate himself in popular favor and may become a reliable candidate for re-election.

To be kicked upstairs into fame and then to toboggan all the way down to a prison cell may not be a pleasant experience, albeit there may be an unusual thrill connected with the procedure. How it all feels may well be revealed by Mr. Fall, a former U. S. official, who happened to become a little oily, and as a result, fortune found him to be too slippery for an advantageous game of chess; hence, he was pushed from the board entirely. That he has a good store of ingenuity is fully certain, for he gave the government a sturdy bout at the bar of justice, and it took a long, long time to give him a knockout blow. That fortune should treat him so shabbily because he began to smell of oil may well illustrate the saying, "Put not your trust in luck." By the time he gets weary of contemplating prison scenery, his oily smell may have left him, and fortune will then surely relent and may once more incline to use him as a pawn providing he will keep his proper distance from teapot domes and such other affairs that allured him so strongly in former years.

But there are avenues open even to Mr. Fall that lead directly out of the prison gates to the doors of rehabilitation. A man is never too old to contend with fortune and never too old to learn. Yet if a prison were to be his abode for all his future days, there would be means and ways at hand to reinstate himself in public opinion, yes, even to become famous. Did prison walls detain Columbus from contemplating new voyages? Did the horrid clank of traitors' gate in London Tower keep Sir Walter Raleigh from writing his famous "History of the World?" Did bars and bolts prevent Cervantes from designing and

writing his immortal "Don Quixote?" If these men did not rest with being the mere puppets of fortune, then also Mr. Fall need not consider imprisonment an incurable calamity.

Fortune may try to have her way with people, but people may also have their way with fortune. There are forces in life that outstrip the best judgments of fortune if man will only take into account his native endowments. The honor that comes to a man by receiving a lucky move on the chessboard of fortune is of small account; the honor that comes to him by wielding the sword of life by personal courage is worthy of real merit. Of an artist it is related that he sought to portray the picture of a dog quite tired and out of breath. In all parts of the picture he had succeeded excellently well, but when he would express the slaver and foam that should come out of its mouth, all attempts proved futile. Vexed and angry at his work he seized the sponge used for cleaning brushes and pencils and threw it in a huff against the picture intending to deface it completely. But fortune guided the sponge to the mouth of the dog and there performed what all the skill of the artist was unable to do. Of course applause for wonderful success was given to the artist, but was it merited? Because mere fortune is propitious, is that a reason for preening oneself on the success attained? The man who threw a stone at a dog only to hit and kill his mother-in-law would have equal claims with this artist to the honor and applause of success.

Certainly the happy hand of fortune is not to be spurned, but what is to be spurned is being a willing pawn on her chessboard. Really great men have not merited the title given to them because they were content to be the play-balls of fortune, but

rather because they consistently appealed to the forces of life within themselves—the forces of energy, courage, and daring.

Joseph Otte '32

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### THE ROMAN FORUM

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The columns stand quite as of yore,  
The last vestige of pompous days;  
But far is gone that din and roar  
Which greeted loud the helmet's blaze.

Without a name, yon ruins stand  
Beneath the azure Roman sky;  
The market place, a desert strand,  
On which old fallen temples lie.

What have you seen, oh splendid site?  
What say your marble columns pale?  
Will e'er your story come to light?  
Will people ever learn your tale?

Your beauty made the Caesars proud;  
Your grandeur rose from buildings vast,  
But now your glories are a shroud  
That hides the dust of greatness past.

Your gods are lost and buried deep  
Below the drifting sands of time;  
But still you vaunt in broken heap,  
A monument of pomp sublime.

Though withered be your mighty arm,  
You still would fight for pagan Rome  
And guard your ruined arches' charm  
In sight of Peter's mighty dome.

Joseph N. Wittkofski '32



## MEET HORACE!

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I can easily guess what passed before your mind's eye as you scanned the words, "MEET HORACE." You thought—just another of those dry essays about still drier men. But if you will read further, I trust you will be disappointed on both the score of your thought and the title.

And now we shall plunge into "medias res." (The English equivalent—"into the midst of things." Translation furnished for the convenience of Freshmen.) Quintus Horatius Flaccus is Horace's baptismal name. But was he ever baptized, sensual old pagan that he was? Pagan he surely was, for he spent most of his life in the country, and no amount of the "Aqua Lustralis" of ancient Rome, in his day, could make anything else out of him. All of this, however, just by the way; for our purpose, we shall call him plain Horace to save space.

This man, Horace, was born in the year 65 B. C. Of his mother we know nothing. His father, on the other hand, is fairly well known to us by reason of Horace's frequent allusions to him in his manifold literary works. It was by hard work and through no little trouble that old Dad Flaccus obtained his freedom. You see, the old man was just a slave and had to work for his freedom like we, of better fortune, don't. But old Dad Flaccus went further than this. He turned auctioneer. This avocation proved to be a prosperous one. This auctioneering business, as you well know, is at its best in sparsely settled communities—otherwise rural places. Indiana, by the way, boasts lots of auctioneers. Through the fairly flourishing business of auctioneer and certain other age-old economies, old Dad Flaccus soon settled himself on a neat little farm and acquired a consid-

erable competence besides. His chief aim seems to have been providing an education for his son, an advantage denied to most of the poorer boys in those days of endless squabbling and sword wielding. Truly, a noble aim!

Gradually, Horace reached his 13th birthday—that madly blustering, terribly awkward and otherwise incipient age when boys clear the cradle and land in the Freshman class at one leap. We can picture Horace at this age leaving for boarding school where, perhaps, he got a lot of “board,” as the old Romans were always ready to hit.

There at the gate stood good old Mose holding a sleepy and droop-eared mule—the regular family ass. Horace now with tear-stained cheeks bids his rather plump, substantially built father a sobbing, “Vale Pop.” His mother was not present—God rest her soul—she had passed to the “Shades.” Old Dad Flaccus, none too jolly himself, hands his boy’s Gladstone to Mose, thereby relieving a rather strained situation. Then with a last few words of parental, paternal, and otherwise helpful advice, he reassuringly presses the trembling hand of his well-meaning son and sees him off to the 30-mile distant city of Naples. From Naples where Horace didn’t hope to die, as so many of our moderns do, he was to proceed to Rome by mule and just by mule again.

Comes Horace’s first letter home.

Dear Dad:

This boarding school business isn’t so bad now that I am here. When I came to this place, some of the fellows decided to “haze” me, but the old rector, Quintilianus, showed up on the scene, and only those got a “hazing” who came within reach of his masterful hand. Here in Rome, men in authority don’t say much; action is everything to them,

and they act like hair-triggers. What I want to tell you about mainly though is my trip. I suppose, Mose tried to tell you, but he can't tell a story. Well, here it is. We had just come within a mile of aunt Plaudia's house when 'Freckles' cast a shoe. I went on alone, and Mose mosied in about half an hour later with 'Freckles' badly limping. Of course, I had to get to school by night, so Uncle Cato drove me to Rome in his surrey—not a bad buggy, that surrey. Gee, Dad, there goes the evening "vigilia" blast which means get to study. Pardon me for coming to this swift close. Write soon.

Your son,  
Horace.

Quickly comes another letter.

Dear Dad:

Say, Dad, I thought I had better drop you a couple of lines about what's just been happening over here at Rome. Did you know anything about the kind of fever that any living thing gets around here? It's on the rampage again, and it's plenty bad. Lots of cattle and horses are dying in heaps. Put my pony, Jack, on dry feed, and be sure not to let him eat out on any pasture. He's plenty precious, that beast. I'll write you a regular letter next Saturday, so I'll close now. Watch that pony!

Horace.

There is no intention on my part to give you a biography of Horace, hence—move on—is the slogan. The boy is now a young man; he has finished his academic studies. These are similar to the ones that we as students at St. Joseph's College take during the early part of our course with the exception of Chemistry and English and possibly a few others. He is now home again enjoying the free, full fun of country life. And then—yellow leaves again.



Once more Horace is bidding his father goodbye. It is their final parting. Horace—healthy, ruddy-cheeked, strong—is twenty. His Dad, now aging, still has that jolly, confidential glint in his soft, gray eyes, which always made his son feel thoroughly comfortable in his presence. Now as they shake hands, each looks into the other's eyes with that look of love—that look which cannot be put on paper. Horace is off for Athens. He soon becomes absorbed in studies; he is taking his university course. What a university man he turned out to be! He was scarcely at his studies for a year when he got into trouble. He did not get married like our present-day, university big-shots do, but he had war on his hands just the same. This war was a rather belligerent affair.

It is well known that about this time in the life of Horace a certain Mr. M. Brutus got a war going. He succeeded in selling his half-baked plans for a "coup d'etat" to the university boys. The upshot was that this Mr. Brutus had with him at his great battle of Philippi such a troop of greenhorns that the quandary into which he came defies description. As you very well know, Mr. Brutus, his "coup d'etat," and a good many of his university soldiers hurried on to Hades.

But Horace was not caught in a blind alley. He pulled a fast one on the enemy and finally slinked back to his fatherland again. Here things had greatly changed during his meanderings. Even in Rome, things were in a bad way. The old town wasn't what it used to be. An enemy general, Augustus by name, was running things. At his former home-stead, the young man found that great changes had occurred too—old Dad had gone to the gods; his property to the authorities. Under these circumstances many a young man would have felt down-in-

the-mouth, but not so Horace. He didn't even come under the weather, at least not much. Immediately he got himself a quaestor's job which in plain English means an accountant's position, and during off moments he had the courage to compose verses. Here the unexpected happened; Dame Fortune took notice of him and placed good luck in his path. As Fortune would have it, he met the poet, Virgil.

Virgil at this time was in excellent standing with the aristocracy and above all with the great Augustus. Without delay he proceeded to introduce Horace to all the individuals of the exclusive 400. But it was Maecenas, potent man about town, citizen No. 1 of Rome, right-hand man to Augustus, friend and patron of literary men, who took Horace under his wing. Maecenas seemingly had a high motive in fostering literature and patronizing its creators. At all events he became dotingly fond of Horace, with the result that Horace looked to him as a foster father. Shrewd as he was, Maecenas was quick to realize that Horace must be given full liberty with his poems if they were to be capital in quality, so what does the old courtier do but dole out a nice little farm to his protege—a farm located in the beautiful Sabine hills.

Here it was on the farm that Horace began to produce. Who will dare say after reading the poems of this great favorite that farming and poetry do not go hand in hand? Freed from financial embarrassments that had always haunted him, Horace now didn't have a thing to worry about. With Mother Nature and the Lyric Muse he was left to commune and commune he did. But—

I would not want to make the madly blushing, stuttering Freshman stutter more;

I would not want to incite the curious, hard-to-please Sophomore to ask more foolish questions;

I would not want to spoil the calm, sweet quiet of the demure Junior;

I would not want to irritate the haughty, skeptical demeanor of the Senior "Hi——," by telling any one of them of the joys of Horace. If I were to tell any one of them about the poems of Horace that deal with everything from coquettes to emperors, I would merely anticipate his future pleasures in translating the works left by this great lyric master. Far be it from me to become guilty of such a vile trick. But I might very well try passing off some generalities that give a hint as to what Horace will be for him.

First and above all, he is strikingly modern for the reason that he sings of topics that have undying interest—topics dealing with the commonplaces of life and sentiment, decorated with such perfection of form that they demand attention, compel thought. Besides this, Horace becomes entertainingly familiar with his readers, displays an agreeable naturalness, has a certain confidential approach that makes his readers think that he is talking to them about themselves. These qualities combined with a sunny, debonaire, affable, witty disposition, in short, with an "It," give his readers just what they want and that, too, all wrapped in a bundle—you know—the right stuff in the right way.

Anybody could easily estimate or evaluate the philosophy of Horace from the matters in which he is known to believe. In brief, these are moderation in all things, courage in view of an absolutely uncertain future, contentment with the present, together with a faint echo of one of our own pivotal, Christian doctrines—life after death. With these ideas in mind, could a mere pagan like Horace meet anything but a serene close of life? Fifty-seven years were allotted to him—productive and happy



years. His was a life but apparently ended, for he still lives. Food for thought this, to be sure, and that in plenty.

You, who happen to read of Horace in future, after rehearsing the few facts as here detailed, will discover no thinkable reason for considering him an unapproachable antique in the field of by-gone literature. Rather there are reasons to think of him as a perfectly normal human being who liked a practical joke, who also liked his fun and knew perfectly well where to "get off at" when making it. Probably he too, in his early days, had a sweetheart towards whom he used the formula as given in "Three Little Words," only to end by singing in a low and plaintive voice the song of the stung lover, "I Ain't Got Nobody."

Just one question that I would ask you now — Do you still think that Horace is "dry?"

William Coleman '32

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### IDEALS

We measure man by genial visions held;  
And happy he, if all his personal traits  
Are turned to strive for high and noble goals  
And deeds of vision fair, beyond what Fate  
Has ruled to be the destiny of souls.  
But if he be devoid of vision or ideal  
And keeps his soul in darkness, drear and sad,  
By him no good or virtue may be had.

Hence let not joy to sorrow wane in thee,  
But cast a glance at what achievement brings:  
True visions must by deeds be realized;  
For man alone true visions are devised  
That by their help, great joy he may secure  
And reach success that will for aye endure.

L. C. Storch '32

## YE NEWE PHILANTHROPYE

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The sensations of a fish stranded on desert shores could make but a weak comparison to the feelings experienced by my jolly side-kick, Jim Oaks, and myself, as we were dreamily surveying the landscape of Buscon, Montana. As negro Sam put it, "They says them earthquicks comes jes when folks are least expectin' 'em," so I might say the proverbial rich uncle dies at the usually unhandy moment. But handy or unhandy, it was just this kind of uncle of mine that saw fit to quit breathing in order that I might become heir to three hundred and fifty thousand dollars with some straggling cents about which I cared nothing in view of so many dollars.

"Jack," said my side-kick rather teasingly, "are you sure that the bank credited you with three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or with just three dollars and fifty cents?"

"Jim," I returned, "I have looked at the figures so often that they will soon resent my bad manners. Here we are. Yesterday broke; today, rolling in money. Remember, you are in on all this amount with me, for alone, what would I do with it? I now ask you what shall we, yes, we, do with it?"

"Let's get a newspaper."

Having purchased a local daily, we perused its contents even to the mortuary column. Presently Jim's eyes brightened. Something was evidently stirring in his mind.

"Hey, Jack," he fairly shouted, "here is a picture of Johnny Rockefeller, the boy that pulled the lucky kerosene deal. Well, he just donated a hundred thousand dollars to Pennworth College."

"Yeh," I replied, "that philanthropy is a great racket, I guess."

"I got it," said Jim jumping up, "you and I are going to start a free school."

That clinched the argument. At once we began to look over all the suitable buildings in town and finally bought a large two story affair that had served as a Community Center and like most such ventures had gone the rocky road in the stock crash. Desks, chairs, maps, books, a pullman load of professors C. O. D., and other necessities, more trifling in character, were gathered into the building with lightning speed, but in all our hurry we did not forget to dispose of all these school requirements artistically throughout the various rooms so as to make an atmosphere of learning pervade every part of our school.

Never within the reach of all that I have ever heard or read was there a seat of learning secured more quickly or arranged for operation more thoroughly. Jim and I found that we had rushed our work more than necessary. There was still a full week at our disposal before the usual opening of school. During this breathing spell, we examined our accounts. With not a little surprise did we find two hundred and five thousand dollars still gracing the credit side of our bankbook. Ample money, so we thought, to run a free school. A furious advertising campaign was now set going by us, and we could hardly wait till Labor Day should be out of the way in order to take notice of the results of our call for students.

At the appointed time in the early part of September, we were exceedingly gratified to see students come straggling, or rather roadstering along in one's two's, three's in regular arithmetic progression. Ah, yes, things went fine. Whoever in the world owned a school or a college and rubbed his chin with more



satisfaction than did Jim and I. Our delight increased when week by week we noticed that our pedagogues had matters well in hand—had the young folks properly herded in classes and were daily administering to them full doses of Shakespeare, Pythagoras, and dates, no, not the kind that grow on trees, but those that put a student to a hard guess in History. Of course, we were proud to see other nerve-wracking topics added that literally made the young folks shake their heads in an effort at learning.

As for Jim and me, well it was our pleasant task to walk about in tall silk hats and frock coats and thus arrayed to make an excellent pretence at dodging newspaper reporters. Once I did get shot, that is, I was actually put in the photograph section of a newspaper. I rather liked myself and only regretted that Jim had not been with me, for I realized that I would have made a better showing physically if he had been at my side in place of the stalwart football coach, who at the time was busy showing me the season's prospects. Even as it was, the affair did not prove to be an unpleasant experience. But if it had been such, my chagrin would have known no bounds, for I was living in a heaven of delight, and unpleasant things were just what Jim and I wanted to avoid above all. For this reason we hired men to manage departments in which an unpleasantness was likely to occur; we even hired men to do the firing, if such a thing should become necessary. That, however, could hardly become necessary as our professors flooded the students with such oceans of eloquence that not one of them could get a minute's time to think of mischief.

In spite of wishing to sidetrack all trouble, Jim and I did not choose to be nonentities. So we wrote articles for educational magazines on how to found,

manage, and subdue a college. We even made our appearance on public platforms. One speech of mine in particular lingers in my memory. It was on the eve of Thanksgiving Day that I made this memorable address on "The Scientific Importance of the Discovery of the Lost Chord." To say that it was a grand success is no description of what that speech was. The students have never ceased quoting the more sublime passages. My partner, Jim, met with equal success, but I have forgotten all about the subject on which he spoke. The students, however, remember that speech very clearly for I often hear them ring out the Greek quotations that Jim used.

Progress and more progress was all we desired amidst our abounding happiness, until one day Jim's thoughtless question gave us both a jolt that made us lay aside our tall silk hats and come right down to brass tacks in figuring.

"How much money do you think we have left to carry on?" was Jim's question foolishly asked at just the wrong moment.

"Oh, about a hundred and sixty thousand dollars at the very least," I answered trying to calm my mind by studying the maneuvers of a fly on the table cloth.

"You are away out in the cold," retorted Jim, "we have a bare ten thousand left—enough for two weeks only and a full quarter of a session before us. Do you see how we stand?"

"What! And here I was just at the climax of happiness," I blurted. "To the thunder with all this philanthropy. But, wait. Let's hang around a bit till all the money is spent, there will be time enough then to hike out. Before we go, however, let's step out once more for a round of pleasure."

That evening we ambled over to "Ye Bigge Inne"

and watched our hard-worked students disport themselves. Well, the way those young folks were spending money was nothing short of a scandal even to such philanthropists like Jim and me. Having watched them for some hours, Jim said, "Let's go. These young folks have more money than we ever saw in all our days."

"Jim," I ventured, "perhaps we were mistaken about this free-school business. Here you and I find ourselves financially embarrassed, and our students, richer than we, are being served free education on a silver platter."

"I don't know, Jack, I have an idea that our venture is going to be a success after all," Jim encouragingly replied.

A few days later when I happened to see the salary of a chemistry professor put down on the payroll at two hundred and fifty dollars per week, I raised everything from sunshine to Hades with Jim. A month earlier, I would have felt proud at seeing such a sum paid out as salary to any professor, but things had changed; my happiness and pride were both on the decline.

"Listen, Jim," I remonstrated, "this is downright nonsense. What do you mean by paying salaries of this size when our assets are about as valuable as a plugged nickle on Wall Street?"

"Relax, boy, relax," Jim answered in a careless tone, "one extra salary at this stage of the game will do no harm."

"Very well, then, if you say so," I assented, "but I would like to enjoy a little pleasure before the crash comes."

"Don't worry, we shall have a good time," Jim assured. "You have heard of this new place called 'Ye Olde College Inne,' haven't you? Well, it is



rapidly becoming the hangout of our students, and as such, it might be much in place for us to go and look it over. Plainly, you and I must go there Saturday night."

Saturday night, like in all institutions similar to ours, is bath night. The purifying wave, tuxedos, silk hats, and polished shoes, all in the order of custom, soon found Jim and me ready to stroll over to the new club. Jim had put it mildly when he called this place a hangout for our students. Never before did I see such a profusion of eats and drinks. The club was overcrowded, but in spite of numbers, the head waiter, to my great surprise, took notice of us at once and with much deference motioned us to a reserved table. After resuming our conversation, I said to Jim:

"Everytime I look at these young folks spending money, old boy, while we are on the verge of bankruptcy, I feel like giving you a blow in the solar plexus for ever thinking of this foolish idea of philanthropy."

"Go slow, Jack, dry up your worries," Jim interrupted.

"Yes, go slow," I replied, "when you are hiring chemistry professors at two hundred and fifty dollars per week."

At this moment the head waiter came over to our table and whispered something in Jim's ear.

"Pardon me, Jack, when you are tired waiting, look for us in the office," so saying, Jim left with the waiter.

After smoking two cigars and taking several legitimate drinks, I decided to see what was going on in the office. There on the table before Jim and the head waiter lay a huge stack of paper money.

"Oh, hello Jack, grab a chair," was Jim's curt salute.

"What's the gag, Jim?" I inquired, "you may as well let me in on this game for you know that we are pards in everything."

"You see this money? Well, that is exactly twelve thousand dollars—our portion of the weekly profits," Jim explained, "Ye Olde College Inne" is not doing so bad, eh?"

"Do you mean that you and I own this place?" I asked all flushed with surprise and excitement.

"Why, Jack, I marvel at your precocity. You never spoke truer words. I decided that we might as well make philanthropy a paying proposition, so I started this club. I observed how our students were flush with money and equally as flush in spending it; why should it not pass through our hands? Though this way of doing things may make our philanthropy run in a kind of vicious circle, yet no matter what money we lay hold of, or for what we use it in connection with our school, it all goes back to the students anyway."

"Jim, this is a slick 'one,' indeed," I allowed, "but I am still puzzled at that other trick of yours. Tell me, if you will, who is that particular chemistry professor you hired at two hundred and fifty dollars per week?"

"Oh, you are terribly slow," replied Jim, "open your eyes and see the chemistry professor who has saved us from financial ruin and has given me the idea of 'Ye Newe Philanthropye'. Mr. Manners, head waiter, meet my partner, Jack, your other boss."

Herman J. Schnurr '32

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We deem those happy who, from the experience of life, have learned to bear its ills, without being overcome by them.—Juvenal.

PASTEL

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In the gloaming of the evening  
When my daily work was done;  
I sat before my cottage door  
And watched the mimic antic  
Of a spider growing frantic  
As he sought to lay up store  
In the web that he had spun.

With a beetle he was fighting,  
And to bind him, twisted cords  
Ever more in strength and number  
But they always broke asunder,  
Whether bound above or under,  
While the beetle feigned a slumber,  
Such as sweetest rest accords.

Then the spider thought, I'll have him  
For my meal at early dawn;  
But the beetle oped his winglets,  
And straight on wind away was borne  
As all cords and lines were torn;  
Then the spider brushed his ringlets  
And did look quite sad and wan.

At this incident, I wondered,  
And in mem'ry quick recalled  
What quite often did befall  
When my tasks I thought completed,  
Where in fact I was defeated  
'Cause my mind was held in thrall  
By some error unforestalled.

William Voors '33.



## AS YOU LIKE IT

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I am going to write a few things on the labor and happiness problem. Wait a minute! Don't be hasty; for I shall not say a word about Labor Unions, nor capital, nor collective bargaining, nor the rights of man, nor any such thing. Oh, no, I shall talk about you, which is more to the point!

I don't know much about the labor problem, and don't understand its political and economic phases. Of course I have some opinions about these matters, but whether they are right or not, I am not sure. Let the Socialists, and the Syndicalists, and the I. W. W., and the Federation of Labor, and Congress, and all the public-minded folk go to it, and more power to their armaments.

But as for you, my friend, there is another side to the issue which more nearly, as Bacon says, "comes home to a man's business and bosom."

I have the feeling that all of us in our judgment about work are on the wrong track. For we seem to regard work as an affliction. Pardon my German, but we label work as "Zum Davonlaufen," which means "to run away from it."

This spirit permeates our literature. The novelist is sure of our tears when he describes the farm hand who has to pitch hay in the hot sun, or the woman compelled to mend her children's clothes and wash dishes and make beds, or the wretched clerk who has to wait on customers all day and comes home to his boarding house at eve with nothing to eat but ordinary food and has to sharpen the wrong end of the match to pick his teeth and never has the price of a manicure.

Work is not an affliction. We are not to be pitied because we have to work, and we should not

pity ourselves. Our whole attitude today toward work seems to be that it is something that we must escape if we possibly can, and do just as little as we can. People act as if they were sentenced to work just as criminals are sentenced to jail. But, speaking of jails, anybody would rather serve a term there with work than without work.

The laws of work are fundamental and unchangeable. All the economic systems and socialistic schemes and tricks and organizations and theories are not going to change the rock-bottomed and brass-riveted fact that the hustler will get along better than the loafer. No power on earth can prevent the man who trains himself for his job, and loves his work, from rising and leaving behind and beneath him all those whose eyes are merely on wages and who do as little as they can to get the wages.

Now, let me tell you about a reward received from one's daily labor. It will be bound up in facts, but these facts will become revealed after a little response on my part. Turn, therefore, to the meaning of happiness. In other words what is happiness? Can you define it? Did you ever try to define it? I did, and to me scores of answers presented themselves; yet I found only one to be thoroughly true.

There are endless things that may suggest happiness to you or me. Perhaps it is a college degree, a new Dodge 8, a trip to Coney Island, a half a million dollars; or yet it may only be a pair of house slippers, or an open fire, or even such a vague thing as a castle in Spain.

But, let us pause a moment. All that has been mentioned can be purchased with a sum of money. Can happiness be bought? If it could be, what a pitiful world this would be. Even if our Lord had endowed us all with wealth to buy it, just what



brand would you buy? I have heard people say, "I'd give a cold million if I were as happy as you." Would they, and if they did, would they be really happy? No, because they would wish to have their million back. Besides, how do they know that they would be happy if they were in my place? Their happiness and mine are personal and individual affairs. They may know when they are happy, but how do they know that I am happy? Pleasure, yes, pleasure can be bought by the trainload, by the day, by the week, by the month and year, but happiness must be lived; it is meant to be a part of our own personal existence.

It is this wild search for happiness that brings about unhappiness. We are tempted ceaselessly to want things that we cannot afford; nagged needlessly to buy things that we do not need. We have become slaves to the habit of living beyond our means. We like to overtax ourselves by eating too much; we get badly excited over trifling affairs; we get sick of such and other things on the following day, and then we expect the doctor to make us well. Are we not able to see that we are trying to do everything just to keep alive in place of making ourselves happy? How can we, you and I, be happy? As a daily reminder of our mental and physical limitations, the Lord provided the nights for us to shut down the days with their crosses, sorrows, and trials. Perhaps, if small blessings were taken into account more generally, we might be more happy than we are.

We have been so obsessed by the idea that money talks, that we think we can buy happiness much the same as we do a loaf of bread. After laboring in an office, a shop, a factory, or even on the farm some eight or ten hours, we buy a ticket to a movie or a dance and call it happiness, only to find that after losing half of our sleep we have deceived ourselves.



Right out of hand we blame the world. Absurd, if we are not the happiest people. It is not the world's fault. It is our own fault.

There is a little secret about being happy, and it can be told in just three little words, none of them bigger than a smile. They are worth a million dollars and yet they don't cost a cent. All your money or mine could not pay for their worth. Haven't you ever noticed that your happiest moments are not sought for, but come of themselves from just the meaning of these three little words: work, rest, play? The reason that most of us are unhappy is due to the fact that we have lost sight of the meaning of these three little words. The things that we otherwise do, that have for their motive vanity or selfishness can make us neither good nor happy, nor can true happiness be found on a bed of roses. There must be thorns. Let us fulfill our little duties and in the end happiness will be our sure reward.

Gilbert Wirtz '32.

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## TELL-TALE HANDS

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Hands, eyes, faces! What are these? Things to be admired only, or is it that they have different and definite purposes? It is not at all difficult to read a person's character in his face and eyes, and it is hardly less difficult to surmise what avocation in life he pursues by looking at his hands. Did you, who happen to be interested in these lines, ever analyse a handshake? Unconsciously you have. When you chanced to hold your father's hand, an agreeable feeling of reliability swept into your soul. But if the person happened to be a society lady to whom you were introduced, it seemed—or didn't it—that you merely got scratched by three sharpened finger

nails that were quickly flicked away. You have, no doubt, also experienced that at taking farewell from old friends, when your eyes were hardly any longer able to meet theirs, that the warmth and pressure of the handclasp spoke volumes. Has it ever struck you what these hands look like that have made such a definite, but different, impression on you?

There are all kinds of hands: the small, the big, the fat, the skinny, the muscular, the flabby, the calloused, the dainty. Since the class in this strange list is so great in variety, it will be prudent to select just those that reflect the characteristics of interesting personages, viz. the lady, the laborer, the idler, the musician, for special consideration.

It may be as difficult to gage the characteristics of a lady as it is to tell what color the chameleon will assume in the next moment. Just when it appears that the theory of a lady's mannerisms has been solved, then by some artful verve in her personality, she quickly shatters the solution. There is one thing though in which she cannot deceive, and that is her hands. If these happen to be of the delicately manicured, scratch-finger nail variety, you may rightly infer that she possesses or would like to possess a haughty and aristocratic soul. Such is the hand which sends the chills creeping up and down your spine, and all its perfume and finger nail polish notwithstanding. There is, however, another kind of lady hand that shows little flabbiness; rather it belongs to the almost skinny variety, without perfume, and more often stained with spots that indicate garden work. There has been little manicuring, outside of the most necessary, done on this hand, which in spite of apparent short-comings, will at times of parting be the most sincere; in times of reunion, the most welcome and true, and in times of illness, the



most soothing and calm. Of course, you will say that further explanation is unnecessary to designate this hand. Evidently it is not the hand of some mere fur-clad dame belonging to Wall Street society—no, ye gods, there would be different characteristics! Some unsophisticated person must own this hand who could hardly be any other than that little woman known the world over as Mother.

But there is a wider and more interesting range for analysing hands than the foregoing. One need but examine the great variety of masculine paws that display all the qualities observable between making dangerous fists and gently playing the piano. When witnessing a fight—a species of brutality only amusing to uncultured minds—every one is anxious to discern the fist that has the better clinch for the very reason that it displays greater animal ferocity in its owner. This kind of hand may have its particular use in warfare, but in days of peace, it calls for admiration rather than love, or as it might be better said, contempt rather than admiration. Much more pleasing, of course, than the hand of the dangerous fist is the hand that shows signs of honest toil. Its muscular development often indicates the excellent health of its owner. Its calluses signify that it is devoted to something more worthy of highest esteem in human society than is the clipping of coupons or the playing of bear and bull in the stock market. To go right through with strength-sapping work in utter disregard of dirt and dainty skin is the glorious duty of this hand for the benefit of mankind. In the battle that society must wage for its preservation, this hand is the most effective weapon; in the family it is the most noble support, and in generosity it knows no equal.

There are people who shudder when they behold



the hand of toil, but very likely they shudder at the sight of toil itself. That at which they shudder naturally cannot command their love, yet the hand of toil finds those who love it. Witness the children of a laborer's family. Is not the caress of a father's toil-worn hand as pleasing to them as is the fondling bestowed by the hand that is groomed by the manicurist? Do not those people who understand the dignity of labor, honor and esteem the hand that displays the marks of hard and diligent usage? Of course the sheik and the mere fop will despise such a hand; but do they despise the food and comfort that exactly this variety of hand produces?

The hand that goes with the double chin and with the much exaggerated waistline has a significance all its own, and that, more so than almost any other sort of hand can vindicate for itself. Rather large, flabby, and white this hand may be seen exhibiting its skill on the golf course in a vain attempt to reduce excess avoirdupois for its unfortunate owner. That it will ordinarily not attain the purpose for which it is set to work may be inferred from the fact that it is commonly encased in a kid glove or heavily wrapped with adhesive tape when it is put to swinging golf clubs. To reduce a waistline, this hand will have to submit to considerable ill-treatment, something in which plain, bare-handed push and pull holds place. Just as long as it keeps its tender, flabby appearance, just so long will its boon companions, the double chin, the heavy cheek, the sturdy circumference assert their individual rights against all attempts at dislodgment. An equilibrium between pleasure and work with no very high index for either of these two factors in life is indicated by this hand. But it has about itself an air of self-sufficiency that

makes everything that it does seem of great importance. It can even turn into a real drama such a small thing as handling a cup of drinking water.

A hand instinct with life and with all the swift action of a magnet or electric vibrator is that of the musician, and it makes no difference whether it be a masculine or feminine hand in this case. In listening to the playing of a pianist, an accomplished one of course, the audience is set to wondering at the remarkable agility of the fingers that seem to go hopping all over the keyboard entirely independent, each of its four relatives, yet producing a harmonious sound in spite of apparent confusion of action. On scrutinizing the hand of a real musician, a high muscular development is detected which reveals a cultured soul, an educated mind, and a serene character. All in all, it is a hand worthy of envy and belongs to the most estimable that the entire class of hands has to show. What it does in fostering art and in providing real entertainment is not excelled by any other agency in the domain of artistic performance.

As maintained in the foregoing lines, hands are a rather accurate index of character. No one can take his hand and shape it according to the dictates of mere taste, for its gradual development will run in harmony with the avocation in life to which a person has responded, and no amount of massaging and using of skin creams will alter those characteristics that mode of living will necessarily impose. The one thing that can be done and must be done relative to hands, a thing that stands within everybody's power, is "Keep them clean."

Michael J. Vichuras '33

# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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Published Monthly by the Students of  
**ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE**  
Collegeville, Indiana

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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Year -----	\$1.50
Single Copies -----	\$ .20

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# The Editor's Chair



Where a spring rises, or a river flows, there  
should we build altars and offer sacrifices.

—Seneca.

Much is said about our present-day civilization: how good it is; how it may be improved; and what may become of it. But little or no attention is directed to the one factor that has done more for the growth and betterment of this civilization than any other single force. Yes, no mention is made of the fact that this civilization, which Americans laud so highly, has been built along the shores of the River of Ink. When Johannes Gutenberg invented the printing press in 1450, he discovered a tiny rivulet which has since swelled in its course until now it has become a great ocean of thought, destined to unite all mankind—such is the power of the printed word.

For many ages scholars had sensed the hidden forces of nature, but they were cloistered and sequestered monks who could not give their thoughts to the world because there were no means of communicating them. The few laboriously written books then in existence could reveal their contents to limited groups alone. The great mass of mankind could neither read nor write. In centuries past how many potential masters of the world lived unenlightened lives because they were born and died in ages untouched by the waves of the River of Ink.

But all of this was changed when the River of Ink gained in volume. When it began to rush onward

it gave to the serf in his hovel, to the prince in his castle equal opportunity to leaf the pages of the Book of Knowledge. Along the shores of this river swept the collected wisdom of the ages from which all men, great and small alike, could draw as they desired. The only thing that has ever changed the world has been the power of an idea, and half-formed ideas became fully developed when men found this medium for the interchange of thought.

Inspired by readings, made possible by the printed word, James Watt perfected the steam engine. What he did others were able to read about and improve upon. When Benjamin Franklin, patron saint of the American printing craft, proved that lightning was but electricity with surcharged clouds as poles, what he learned did not die with him as did so many findings of diligent researchers of the early ages. He printed his story, and his fellow scientists in Europe could read about it.

On its broad bosom the River of Ink has carried to all peoples the knowledge of the forces that are remaking existence today—steam, electricity, oil, and chemicals. In one short century man has conquered the earth, the seas, and the air. He has conquered time and space. His inventive genius has brought to him mighty forces. Old forms fade; the spirit alone keeps pace with the endless march of eternity. Having conquered the material world, man must now turn to the last great conquest—triumph over his own ignorance. By this victory he will learn that greed and hate are but millstones around his neck; that his sole joy is in service to his fellows in that spirit of intelligent selfishness which the world calls co-operation.

The school magazine must play its part in this vital conquest against the powers of ignorance. It



should be a vivid reflection of college life; and like a mirror of local thought, it should always, by showing flaws, be an inducement to better thinking. To this cause, then, is the Collegian dedicated for the coming year.

L. J. E.

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Just where, when, and how the use of seals came into vogue is a matter for much conjecture. History testifies that seals were in wide use in the library of Assurbanipal, that monarch de luxe of the Assyrians. Whether it is to this worthy potentate that the cover of the St. Joseph's Collegian is indebted by being graced with a distinctive seal is a matter of little consequence. Of greater moment is the answer to the question: "What does the seal signify?" On the answering of this question, therefore, our attention is focused.

Contained in the seal are these words: religio, moralitas, scientia; and their symbols: the cross, the heart, and the star. The English of these classical terms is: religion, character, and knowledge. These three words characterize the motive, aim, and purpose of our adopted "alma mater."

That religion is a high, noble, and good sentiment has been an established fact for these many centuries. Man from his most primitive stages has always revealed a distinct inclination toward religion. The fact that religion is looked upon by some supposedly "wise persons" with contemptuous disregard does not subtract one iota from the universal truth that religion is man's loftiest ideal.

Flowing from, and in close relation to religion, is the mighty word, character. This word, character, has always been the acknowledged—couer desprit—of man. It has ever been the vital striving of the educator to help create character. The very concept



of education implies the building, strengthening, and betterment of character through the medium of well-planned instruction.

Learning, with religion and character as right and left hand mainstays, comes next. The student is now ready to study. He tediously collects facts which slowly resolve into learning. And this learning, being supported throughout by a religious and moral background, finally culminates in wisdom—that thing of the gods—hard to attain—harder to sustain.

It is for these reasons, then, that St. Joseph's has chosen the inscription as it appears on the cover of the Collegian. May the suggestion that it gives, the ideal that it inspires ever hold a sacred place in the minds and hearts of those who pass beneath the portals of St. Joseph's.

W. J. C.

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### TO A BROOK

Flow on, fair brook, flow ever more,  
And sing to me from brimming shore;  
Just sing to me, just let me hear  
Those songs you sang all yester year.

I've asked the world for joy in vain,  
And could have none, lest I remain  
Upon your strand of golden sand  
And feel you flow against my hand.

I listen now, and well perceive  
With songs of love, your bosom heave;  
Old songs that thrilled my youthful soul  
And sooth it now like evening's toll.

Oh, sad I was and tired of life;  
Careworn and wounded by its strife,  
But cheered by you, I'll try anew;  
Refreshed I go; fair brook, Adieu!

Herman J. Schnurr '32



In the course of my literary perigranations, I have learned that during the last decade of the nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth, the issuance of bitter satiric diatribes and retaliatory "roastings" was in vogue among the exchange editors of school papers. The harsh words of one critic served as a tocsin for the marshaling of the offended person's abilities in order to heap caustic remarks upon some entirely innocent magazine.

My intention, however, in fulfilling the duties of exchange editor for the Collegian is not to make an attempt at imitating the savage art of "Deacon" Swift, but to extend what assistance I can in the way of helpful, constructive criticism to any and every magazine or paper upon the exchange list of the Collegian. Encouragement will be given, not lavishly, but only when the matter under consideration calls for it.

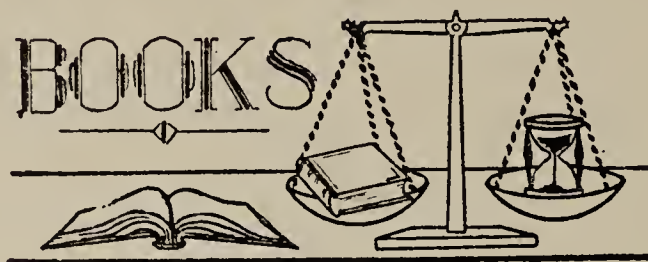
As many magazines as space allows will be reviewed in each issue. The outstanding articles only will be mentioned while suggestions, if possible, will be given. The review of no particular magazine will be repeated as long as others on our list have not received notice.

The members of the staff, especially since the Collegian has received membership in the National Scholastic Press Association, welcome with open mind any and all suggestions which will aid in making the Collegian a more attractive production and a concrete example of what a true college journal should, and actually can be.

The staff of the Collegian hopes that all those

papers and magazines that exchanged with them in the past will continue to do so in the future. New additions to the exchange list are welcome at any time.

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**"A Study In Adventure"**

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MERE MARIE OF THE URSULINES, by Agnes Repplier.

Dyspeptic Thomas Carlyle at one time casually observed that a well-written life is as rare as a well-spent one. Mere Marie's life was so loftily and practically lived that she has had to tarry unheeded in a dark alcove of the Hall of the Blessed, waiting, these many years, for a biographer who could do justice to her goodness. She, too, has suffered from the tyranny of hagiography's fatal formula, very syllogistically expressed by Father Steuart, S. J. as: "A saint acts in such-and-such a way: So-and-so was a saint: therefore . . ." "The worst of all biographies," he continues, "are the lives of the saints." Among "those brilliant exceptions," about which Father Steuart later speaks, must be placed this book by Agnes Repplier, written so skillfully as to be an apology to Mere Marie for her long wait.

Catholics of today know well the mighty drama played by those hero-martyrs, Father Jogues and his companions, "the White Horsemen" of pioneer Canada. Of the heroines they know amazingly little. Mere Marie l'Incarnation, the greatest heroine, was born in Tours, France, in 1599. She had experienced



the vicissitudes of life: she was a wife, mother, widow, and finally (her life-long desire), a nun. With several other sisters, and with the ardent, generous Madam de la Peltrie, she crossed the turbulent Atlantic, built and rebuilt the Ursuline convent at Quebec, and aided the untiring, zealous Jesuits to convert the savage rulers in North America's primeval forests.

Miss Repplier rightly subtitles her book "A Study in Adventure;" Mere Marie, like all the daughters of St. Ursula, was an adventuress, earthly and celestially. Her adventures in those wild surroundings of hers are easily enough imagined. What one would welcome much more is a greater stress on her mystical ventures, for, indeed, the modern world can no longer understand the power of spiritual dynamics—it needs to have this power explicitly driven home. Miss Repplier compares her (as other commentators have done) to that greater mystic and greater executrix, St. Theresa. Even so, this mystical adventure, one feels, could have been enhanced. But, perhaps Miss Repplier is correct—hagiography's deadly formula threatens.

Needless to say, the author writes with illuminating and incisive touches, with the skill and literary art for which her "Essays" are famous. She does not choose words at random, but meticulously selects them for lucidity and effectiveness. Her care in writing does not lead to crampness of expression. No, indeed! The art of Agnes Repplier abides.

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### "Italian Portraits"

LABORERS IN THE VINEYARD, by Giovanni Papini.

Of course, every one knows that Papini is the ugliest man in Italy (if he facially deserves the dis-

tion of being called a "man" at all), yet those who have made a "familiaritatem literariam" with this handsome Apollo Belvedere are aware of his aptitude for modelling beautiful prose. They know, too, that he was at one time "the man who would be God." Mad, fantastic ambition! Also, they know that, since his conversion and since his arrival at maturity, he has written, in "The Life of Christ," of the God who made Himself man. And it is by this biography of the Man-God that he is recognized by foreigners as the most eminent man-of-letters in contemporary Italy.

One welcomes "Laborers in the Vineyard" as original, brilliant portraits, even though they suffer by being presented while one's eyes are still blinded by the splendid frescoes painted in "St. Augustine" and "The Life of Christ." The common denominator which consolidates such incongruous and dissimilar characters as Petrarch, St. Francis of Assisi, Manzoni, Pius XI, the Evangelists, Michaelangelo, and a half-dozen others, is the author's confession that "the only people one can really admire and tolerate in this world are saints and artists: those who imitate God, and those who imitate the works of God." The present reviewer cannot philosophize here on the aspects of this statement, but he might attempt a reply by endorsing a further statement of the author: "Only they (the saints and artists) have any commerce with the Eternal, and for that reason they rise above the herd of wage-earners and pleasure-seekers."

Significance is added to this portrait gallery because of its studies of unfamiliar faces. Most satisfactory is the essay on Alessandro Manzoni, the creator of "The Betrothed," most provocative, the one on Caesar and Virgil. For pleasantness and lit-



erary beauty, the paper on Giovanni Fattori is first; for apologetic value, a laurel must be given to the essay entitled "The Evangelists." And finally, a rich guerdon to Alice Curtayne, whose translation of "Laborers in the Vineyard" is commendable and above the average.

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### "Unscientific Science"

THE HUMAN SIDE OF SCIENCE, by Grove Wilson.

A book which has been enthusiastically hailed by the press (as many are), and moderately spoken of during the past year and a half as "brilliant," is Grove Wilson's "The Human Side of Science." In the annual output of the publishing world there is room for humorous and light books, for serious and contemplative books; but it does not seem right that levity and seriousness should be scrambled together (as it were) into something even less digestible and attractive than an omelette, as Wilson has done in his simple sketches of the world's great scientists.

Mr. Wilson believes that his own "heroes" are the only human colossuses and geniuses ever created, and that any forces which may have hindered their progress, whether Church or State, man or beast, are to be treated flippantly and disparagingly. Particularly is this true when he writes of the Church and her relations with science. In speaking of the Dark Ages and the work of the Church during those destructive times, Mr. Wilson reasonably admits that "though they (the barbarians) wiped out pagan attainments, they halted at the foot of the Cross ... the Church was the only institution capable of influencing them. She set herself to the mighty task of conversion .... Those who entered the Dark Ages



as barbarians reappeared, with the revival of learning, as men and women set in the ways of culture and fired with a thousand Why's." Then in the very next paragraph he most illogically and flippantly declares: "All wisdom was in the possession of the Church Fathers—men more ignorant of science than any ten-year-old boy is today. The Greek writers were banned and then, for centuries, forgotten. There was no philosophy (sic); medicine was dragged down from the high estate . . . . Astronomy was perverted into a silly superstition . . . . Chemistry was caught in the general crash . . . . it had never sunken so low. . . ." After admitting the glorious work of the Church in civilizing the barbarian invaders, he virtually denies that admission as further quotations show. His very denunciation of the Church leads him to say, "Always in monastery cell or priest's home, one could find here and there, a scholarly monk, a wise priest." But this admission plunges him into another bitter heap of verbiage against Europe and Rome: "While Europeans were living like pigs and dying like flies, and pinning their hopes for health on shrines and relics, Avicenna was teaching the Moors medicine and philosophy." He continues to praise the Moors for their advancement in the studies of evolution and what not.

Throughout his book the Church is the oppressor of the sciences. Nowhere is this more evident than in the cases of Bacon, Galileo, and Copernicus. Mr. Wilson tries to say something for both sides of a question, and ends up by entangling his own thoughts in a labyrinth of contradictions, of praise for, and nonchalant irony and misdirected sarcasm against, Rome. He has written his portraits for the layman and the uneducated, and as such they make pleasant, though undependable reading. But he sees his

opportunity to strike the Church, and seizes it. Frequenters of the Library, who are searching for material on scientists, should keep in mind the words stamped on the title page and inside fly-leaves of the book: BEWARE-BIAS.



Peering into distances remote and near, we catch a glimpse of all the Alumni gazing back to St. Joe's their Alma Mater—some reminiscing over sweet memories, others, with their eyes dimmed with tears, sad that their happy days have winged by and only loving memoirs remain intact for mental nourishment. In such a way, no doubt, the Alumni certainly spend their leisure moments.

With the advent of a new school year, many strange but cheery faces accompany the old familiar ones and grace the corridors, classrooms, and study-halls of the old edifice. The entire College once again responds to happy voices. A unanimous spirit of enthusiasm to travel the way to the goal of perfection so heroically mapped out by those who have passed through the doors of St. Joseph's is evident in the attitude of all the students. Not only have you, Alumni, given us who are now at St. Jeosph's an example of loyalty, fidelity, love, and zeal, but you have also raised aloof a standard in every field of endeavor. With such high ideals ever in the forefront of our minds we shall follow your well-marked trail to success.

It is the Staff's unmerited and distinct privilege



to congratulate the class of '31, the latest addition to the Alumni. May achievement and success always attend you wherever you go; and may you ever uphold the motto of your class, "Ut Prosimus," so blazingly portrayed on the class pennant of '31.

It will be well to mention that St. Gregory's has obtained a number of the prominent graduates of last year. Lawrence Grothouse, the winner of the coveted Oratory Medal, as well as Helmsman of the C. L. S. Show Boat, together with Edward Roswog, James Elliott, Bertrand Shenk, Francis Bishop, Bernard Rachel, Richard Mueller, and Mark Kelly, are gracing the roll call of the Ohio Seminary.

If the Catholic University has ever had an opportunity to boast of a rich enrollment, it certainly must do so with the arrival of Leonard Cross and John Spalding. Leonard Cross will best be remembered as the "gavel swinger" in the C. L. S. Under his leadership this Society attained much enviable praise. The name of John Spalding ushers in a host of musical selections accompanied by dramatic skill behind the footlights. Len and John, though you hail from good old Illinois and sunny Kentucky respectively, we wish you both lots of luck.

As far as we know at present, Andrew Matthieu, Frank Kienly, James Maloney, Alvin Jasinski, Paul Popham, Louis Duray, and Alois Phillips are enjoying pleasant hours at St. Meinrad's, for they have taken a special liking to the Indiana weather.

The true worth of a man cannot always be judged by the outward appearances. Just listen! The ever gay Rouleau Joubert is now chanting the Psalms with the Dominicans at Springfield, Kentucky. We admire you, Rouleau, and may God crown your work.

Here is word from the latest arrivals at St. Charles Seminary, Ohio. "Hardly think that there



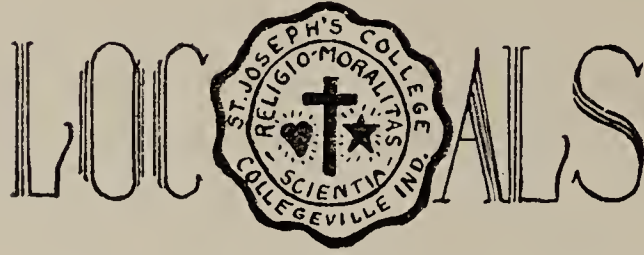
is one among the whole class of first philosophers that is not completely satisfied." From this it seems that all are well contented with their new home and are enjoying the quiet life and the surrounding atmosphere. Joseph Herod has recently joined the Community of the Precious Blood and is therefore ranking among this happy group. Of course, they too, with the rest of the Alumni, are dreaming of the happy days at St. Joseph's, especially when they are not employed in rehearsing Latin, Greek, and solving philosophical problems.

Was it the sudden increase of wisdom on the part of the students that induced the local Faculty to send two very able professors to the university, or was it a matter of honor and convenience? We hold to the latter idea, as Father A. Paluszak and Father S. Ley are well known to us. Father A. Paluszak has taken up studies at the Catholic University at Washington where he intends "via classical languages" to take the degree Ph. D. Father S. Ley is pursuing a similar ideal at the University of Chicago. We are taking the privilege to wish Fathers Paluszak and Ley, in the name of all the Alumni and students of St. Joseph's, the very best success in their work.

What is more welcome than the melodious song of a twittering nightingale on a rosy May morning? Some news from the Alumni. What do you say, Alumni? Let us keep the chain of friendship secure. Let us live as though we were united at St. Joe's. This can easily be done by dropping us a few lines at your leisure.

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Those who have finished by making all others think with them, have usually been those who began by daring to think themselves.—Colton.



On June 15th the Regular students, in the name of all, bade farewell to the retired prefect Reverend Anthony Paluszak (better known as Fathery "Polly") with a banquet in the Raleigh Club. There are times when banquets and especially the inevitable speeches are very boring. But every word spoken on that evening was so sincere and of such an interesting nature that Chauncey Depew himself could not have held the attention of the banqueters better.

Incidentally, of the seven priests present, six, the Fathers Hartman, Greiwe, Rapp, Koester, Scheidler and Paluszak were ex-prefects or ex-assistants; while the seventh was the new prefect Father Rufus Esser. Those of you who did not have the good fortune to be present can easily imagine all the interesting tales these ex-prefects had in store for their listeners. In addition to Bela Szemetko as toastmaster, the student speakers were: Ralph Boker, Thomas Clayton, Leonard Storch, John Lefko, and Gomar DeCocker. Just before the guest of honor, the retiring prefect spoke, he was presented with a black Gladstone travelling bag. Not to be outdone, however, Father "Polly" secured a free day for the 16th. All left the club assuring each other that this was the best little farewell banquet on record at St. Joe's.

Two years ago at the close of one of his talks on rules, Father "Polly" gave us this little motto: "Why not do well what must be done." These few words epitomize the secret of his splendid success during the six years of his prefectship. Everyone realizes

how difficult it is for a person to wield the stick and still be respected and loved by the recipient of the "favor." But Father "Polly" through his square deal to all and his keen sense of humor achieved the seemingly impossible. It would be a hopeless task to endeavor to measure all the good accomplished by him in the moulding of the characters of the students. This is certain, however, that Father "Polly" has the profound respect and enduring friendship of the students as his legacy.

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### GREETINGS!

The office left vacant by Father Paluszak has been filled by another very likable man, the Rev. Rufus Esser, who is also librarian and principal of the High School. At this early date he has taken hold of the reigns with vim and vigor; a sure sign of a successful term of office. In the name of the student body, Locals extends its greetings and heartiest good wishes to Father Esser during his coming years as prefect.

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### BEAUTIFUL!

A remarkable thing has happened. In this day when everybody is disagreeing with everybody else, a subject has been found about which there is **but one** opinion, namely, there is a unanimous agreement that the new grotto at St. Joseph's College is **BEAUTIFUL**. Following the original of Lourdes, the new grotto is built around the old as a nucleus. The latter, with a newly panelled table of iridescent, chipped boulders, serves as a cave to the new structure. Provisions for votive lights, flowers, and a field Mass have been made in this cave. Rising gradually from the nucleus, the grotto reaches its highest point, twenty-two feet, in the niche for the



statue of the Blessed Virgin. If the thirty foot rock garden extension is taken into consideration, a length of one hundred and fifty-three feet in all is covered. Although the great variety in the size and shape of the stones and boulders gathered from the countryside has a marvellous effect, the addition of two lagoons growing water lilies and wild rice, also the placement of evergreens, cedars, plants, and flowers in just the correct spot makes the grotto one of real beauty. An appearance of age is achieved through the selection of weather-beaten rocks for the trickling water-fall. At first glance there appears to be only the Lourdes shrine, but after one follows a footpath that leads to an arch, another opening in the side of the grotto looms up before the visitor. This second unit, named "Gethsemane" is the hollowed center of the structure. Hoffman's "Christ" a special, four foot high, white Carrara marble statue is being imported from Italy, and is expected to fill its place in "Gethsemane" about the end of this month. Although the grotto is beautiful by day, it must be seen also at night to be fully appreciated. Then the spontaneous remark will be: "A beautiful, monumental masterpiece." Dedication ceremonies will be held sometime during the fall season.

Since the foregoing was a general description, a more particular idea of the size of the grotto may be had from the following facts: twelve hundred tons of material, consisting of thirty tons of cement, one hundred yards of crushed rock, one hundred and eight, of sand, one hundred and seventy, of soil, and the balance in stones and boulders, were used.

Although the result proves the designing ability of the contractor M. Parsinger of Columbus, Ohio, Fr. Albin Scheidler, the procurator, likewise deserves

a great deal of credit for the successful completion of the work. The grotto is another realization of Fr. Albin's plan, adopted some six years ago, to improve the grounds and farms surrounding the College. Almost all of the Regular students did some little bit towards the construction of the grotto, but a few deserve special mention. These are: Louis Stock, Ralph Bihn, Carl Wuest, Adam Frankovitch, Walter Steiger, Aloys Selhorst, and Leo Kulzer.

Since "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," St. Joe's is justly proud of its new grotto.

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### OTHER IMPROVEMENTS

Since the reading room has been renovated by a white and cream buff color combination including panelling, it is now more inviting than ever. A new set of light fixtures, a series of large pictures, and the re-arrangement of furniture completes the setting for the smug enjoyment of the excellent books that the library offers to the students.

Baker Hall and the "Collegian" office have likewise received their share of paint and varnish. Perhaps the newly decorated Baker Hall will have a definite effect on the number of distinctions of "summa cum laude" this June. Here's hoping! Judging from the new cover and cuts of the "Collegian" the "inspiration" has helped. Furthermore the laborers' building and all the barns have been repainted. In every respect, the past summer was a busy one, for many changes were undertaken and completed at St. Joe's.

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### SENIOR SEND-OFF

On Sunday evening, August the ninth, the seats in Alumni Hall were occupied by the Rev. Faculty members, Venerable Brothers and Sisters, the en-



tire student body and some local friends, who came to witness the program sponsored by the class '32 in honor of the departing Seniors.

The surprise program began with Valerian Volin introducing his "Melody Boys," consisting of Leonard Fullenkamp, Nicholas Lauber, Edward Moorman, Aloys Selhorst, and "Prof." Volin himself. After an introductory bugle call by the trumpeter, John Lefko in the name of the class of '32 and the students present dedicated the program to the "Grads." The interesting feature of the address was the concluding remarks directed to the Venerable Sisters in German.

Immediately the "Melody Boys" played their theme song, and the curtain rose for the first act of "A Regular Scream." The play proved to be very entertaining for it is hilariously comical. To mention the stars in the play would be a difficult matter. Let it be said, however, that each member in the cast did adequate justice to his part as well as to Fr. Rufus Esser's untiring labor in directing the play.

While the students of the High School hurriedly left for the Main Building after the second and last act of the play, the out-going and in-coming Seniors slowly assembled in the Raleigh Smoking Club for the farewell banquet.

After all had heartily enjoyed the feed, various brands of cigars were lighted, and attention was turned to the speakers. These were chosen at random, thus affording an opportunity for many of the "Grads" to say a few words. The guests of honor for the evening were the Very Reverend Rector, Father Joseph B. Kenkel, Fr. Rufus Esser, Brother Fidelis and Thomas Durkin '30. The informal banquet closed with Fr. Kenkel's wishing the philosophers-to-be success in their coming endeavors.



## FIRST CLASSES

On September 9th, the fortieth scholastic year at St. Joe's was opened with a Solemn High Mass by the Rev. George Scheidler as celebrant, who was assisted by the Rev. John Schon C. PP. S. and the Rev. Edward Roof C. PP. S., deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Old students and new students earnestly invoked the enlightenment of the Holy Ghost for the coming year. At ten in the morning, classes were assigned to the seemingly eager students. After the first taste of what is in store for '31 and '32, the remainder of the day was spent in unpacking trunks and renewing old acquaintances.

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## FACULTY

Three professors: Fr. Frederick Fehrenbacher, M. A., Fr. John Schon, M. A., and Fr. Edward Roof, M. A., who during the past year earned their degrees at the Catholic University are now included in the Faculty of St. Joe's. Since Fr. Fehrenbacher and Fr. Roof taught here one year before going to Washington they are well acquainted with the students. Although Fr. Schon is a newcomer, he is at this early date well known to all.

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## INSPIRATIONAL

On the first Sunday of the new school year, the Very Reverend Rector, Fr. Joseph B. Kenkel celebrated the High Mass. During a very appropriate sermon he said, "every effort put forth for the acquisition of knowledge and virtue is an effort to bring you closer to your goal." Also, "If there ever was a time when knowledge is needed, and especially for a priest, it is today; but all knowledge must be motivated by virtue in order to prove efficacious."

## FREE DAY

The students of St. Joe's woke up Monday morning, September 14th, with the realization that the first free day of the school year '31-'32 was at hand; but, alas, it seemed as if old man Sol had been lost in a mass of dense clouds. The spirit of the fellows, however, was not daunted by this inauspicious morning. Various groups began to migrate through the country towards favorite spots. Using this splendid opportunity, the old students explained the "ropes" to the newcomers and made them feel at home. Having banded together in a favorite haunt, a group of Seniors substituted for the proverbial "wienie roast", a hamburger fry. When twelve pounds of hamburger are literally devoured by twenty-six students, there is little doubt as to the merit of the hamburgers. The songs of "Slo-foot" Gollner and "Pop" Storch were enjoyed immensely during the sandwich intervals.

In the afternoon many store managers were aroused from their peaceful depression slumber. The movie was a further diversion for many. Although Mr. Weather Man was not gracious in his offering to the students, still the first free day proved enjoyable to both the younger and older fellows.

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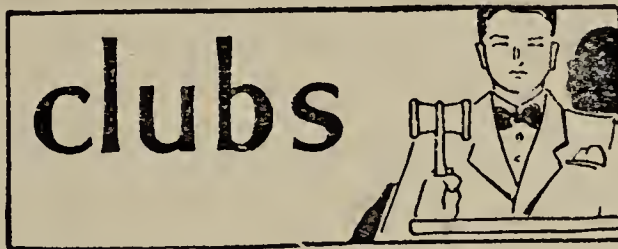
## BAND CONCERT

• On Sunday, September 20th, the entire student body was entertained by a splendid band concert arranged by Professor Tonner. Although each year he is confronted with the difficult problem of reorganizing the band and orchestra, Professor Tonner never fails in producing in these two musical units a source of joy to the music lovers at St. Joe's.

### WIE GEHT'S!

The Brothers Leo Ehrlenspiel C. PP. S. and David Schneider C. PP. S. have returned to Collegeville after an extensive tour of Europe during the past summer. Judging from their beaming countenances and their delightful tales, they had many enjoyable and interesting experiences.

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Every village, glen, and dale has it's societies, it's clubs, it's social gatherings of every description. To belong to this class, a person must be a prominent, active member of his community, or he must be so financially fixed that his wealth assures him an esteemed place in these exclusive ranks. A society sets the style of dress, the manner of speech, the affectation of speech in a community. A society is the last word in all activities whether social or financial. A person walking down a lonely road at night, sees his shadow reflected by the pale glimmering rays of the moon. He walks faster; his shadow follows by his side just as fast. He stops; his shadow stops; and so on. The man may be called SOCIETY; the shadow, the rest of the people. If a society belle is seen of an evening promenading with a bright red bow in her hair, before darkness ends in another day, every girl in the town will have a bright red bow upon her head. This is the benefit of society, it sets a standard. Society is vital, essential to every phase of human endeavor. Society is a god-sent to the human race when used rightly.

Our clubs and societies afford somewhat of the



same benefit, but upon a more sober scale. In our societies we learn to associate with others, learn to listen to others' opinions, learn to give our own opinions. Of this there cannot be too much. Hence it is that social organizations are well established at St. Joseph's. At the beginning of every school year, these organizations are overflowing with vim, vigor and vitality, but as the days turn into weeks and weeks into months this initial enthusiasm lags. We, who are members, must not let this happen. Every student in the school should join the clubs and societies which are at his disposal. He should, moreover, join with the purpose of raising the standards of social activity and study at St. Joseph's to a higher plane that has ever before been attained.

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### THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

A hum of subdued voices floated lazily upon the ear of any who happened to be listening. The topic of the moment was under discussion—the election of officers. In a corner of the room, one serious campaigner was doing his bit for politics. Astride one of the seats, he was outlining in flowery language the platform of a soon-to-be nominee. Suddenly a distinct quiet prevailed throughout the room. The Moderator of the Society, Rev. I. Rapp, coming in, called the meeting to order by appointing Leonard Storch chairman pro-tem, who in turn named Vincent Mallifski as his secretary. Sunday, Sept. 13th, proved to be a gala day in the history of the C. L. S. The elections proceeded in a parliamentary fashion, while many surprising eloquent biographies of different members were presented as campaign material. Every election turned out to be a miniature struggle for supremacy. The battle being over, the fruits of the victory were gathered as follows:

President, Fred Cardinali; Vice-president, Leonard Storch; Secretary, Vincent Mallifski; Treasurer, John M. Lefko; Critic, W. Coleman; Executive Committee, Charles Mitchell, Leo Lemkuhl, and Frank Novak. By appointment of the Rev. Moderator, Lawrence Brown was made Marshall for the ensuing term. With a group of men as these to lead, the C. L. S. need have no fear that it will not attain even higher ideals and accomplishments in dramatic art than it did in all times past.

“If we develop within ourselves a deep love for that priceless knowledge which literature has to offer, if we develop within ourselves an ardent love for sweet melodies of sublime eloquence . . . first improvement, then perfection, and lastly success will inevitably follow.” These soul inspiring words were still ringing upon the ears of those present as the newly elected president of the C. L. S. officially took office on Sunday Sept. 20th. The other speeches by the new officers were pleasant reminders that the members as Columbians had a reputation which must at all costs be upheld. The critic, however, exhorted the members that an effort must be put forth if anything worth while is to be gained, an effort to do everything to the best of one’s abilities. He gave this motto “My best effort.”

We are anxiously awaiting October 11th when the C. L. S. will give it’s first public performance, “Christopher Columbus,” a stirring drama of the sea, which is to be produced that night, is rated as a major production and as such will no doubt afford much pleasure and entertainment.

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### DWENGER MISSION UNIT

One Hundred Per-cent Membership? What! Yes,

that is the slogan of the D. M. U. of this year. Mission Spirit is something which has undergone a serious metamorphosis for the better during the past few years. It is spirit of this type which makes the poorest men the richest, it is spirit of this kind which has made our Mission Unit the success that it is. The retiring president, Joseph Otte, presided as chairman of the first meeting with election of officers as the chief business. The results of the elections were: Herman Kirschner, president; Howard Hoover, vice-president; Charles Mitchell, Secretary; Michael Vichuras, treasurer; and Charles Scheidler librarian. These men are to be leaders in Mission Spirit this year. The retiring officers have shown just what can be done in helping the Missions. The Rev. Moderator, Fr. Cyril Knue, in a short talk emphasized the need of TRUE MISSION SPIRIT. He furthermore boosted the slogan "One Hundred Percent Membership," saying that if the unit this year does as good work as the unit did last year, and at the same time has one hundred per-cent membership, it will satisfy his most ardent desire. During the counting of the ballots Val Volin and his "Melody Boys" entertained the society with music. The sixth class is the first to enter the ranks of the Hundred Percenters. Are they going to be the only ones?

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### NEWMAN CLUB

Rev. I. Rapp ushered the fourth year into the limelight Sunday, Sept. 27th, by officially naming them members of the Newman Club. With a few introductory words of advice on the manner of holding an election and on the importance of electing the right man, he appointed William McKune chairman pro-tem of the meeting who then named Alfred Horrigan, secretary. Election of officers was then in



order. When the smoke had finally cleared away, the officers elect were: William McKune, president; Valerian Volin, vice-president; Joseph Allgeier, secretary; Thomas Buren, treasurer; Alfred Horrigan, critic; the executive committee consists of Dominic Pallone, Dominic Altieri, and Charles Scheidler. The Rev. Moderator appointed James Considine to the office of Marshall. Newmans, this is your chance! Cultivate a spirit among yourselves that will not die, and you will be the success that you are expected to be. Considering the officers you have chosen, success and renown are in prospect for you.

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### RALEIGH CLUB

Those who have had the advantages of membership in the Raleigh Club during the past years realize fully that they have enjoyed many periods of real entertainment. This year, if numbers mean anything, the Club will continue to be a source of social amusement for all those who are now members or who will receive membership at the appointed time. In the first meeting held in the club room, the Rev. Moderator Fr. Rupert Landoll, appointed as officers for this year: Joseph Otte, Leonard Storch, and Walter Steiger.





### ANNUAL FOOTBALL GOSSIP

FOOTBALL—with all its thrills, chills, and spills; magnificent runs, breath taking passes, blood curdling tackles; with its manly courage, unflinching determination, admirable sportsmanship—the entire campus radiates with this great flare of youthful endeavor.

Which team will prove the strongest? Which the fastest? Who will win the pennant? Will the High School continue its string of victories over the College, or will football prove its undoing? These are questions asked by every Collegeville football fan and answered as yet by none. Interest is at its highest; excitement tingles near the boiling point.

Judging from past performances, the real race should be carried on in the College department. The Sixths, hampered and crippled by the loss of two backfield stars and an expert linesman, are no longer the impregnable, unapproachable champions of last year. The Fifths, on the other hand, who also lost two valuable men, have apparently filled in the gap with new material and will present a strong and determined eleven, capable of taxing the Seniors to the limit. Since both teams are expectant of victory a fine pennant race should result with odds very nearly even.

As yet we have reckoned no upsets. The High School, however may commit them at any time. The activities of the two High School teams have been more or less kept under cover so far this season.

In past years neither team has showed a great amount of football class, but this fall should find at least one of them a potential threat for supremacy. The Fourths have been drilling systematically and hard to bring their team within the circle of pennant competition. The Juniors, too, are working hard and expect, if not the league leadership, at least the championship of the High School department.

Everything considered, this year should bring forth some real classy football, with everyone fighting to win, and no one expecting to lose. There should be thrills galore and excitement in abundance throughout the entire season and, as usual, we say and truly mean it, "May the best team win."

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### FOOTBALL SEASON OPENS; SIXTHS SWAMP THIRDS, 52-0

Cheered on by the presence of their old teammate, Carl Strasser, the 1931 edition of the fighting tigers swamped the Thirds 52-0. Already in the first quarter the Sixths proceeded to dispel all doubts as to the outcome of the game when Gib Wirtz plunged over for the first touchdown, and Yicks Vichuras drop-kicked the extra point. In the second quarter the Sixths went on a scoring rampage. Nardecchia pushed over a marker, after which Gib Wirtz dashed off tackle for the extra point. A few moments later Conroy snagged one of Nardecchia's passes and ran fifteen yards for the third touchdown. Mayer this time added the extra point. Then occurred one of those rare things in football. Cardinali, tiger center, caught a blocked pass and dashed thirty-five yards for a touchdown.

The third quarter found the Thirds somewhat stronger but Mayer managed to slip across the goal for another six points. However, when Red Lam-



mers was forced to leave the game because of injuries, the Thirds crumpled up. Mayer scored again. Mitchell hauled down one of Nardecchia's passes in the end zone. Byrne speared a pass for the extra point, and a little later gathered in another of Nardecchia's passes and galloped across the goal line unmolested.

The Thirds, despite the fact that they were being hopelessly defeated, put up a game fight to the end. Had their line been anything but a sieve, Lammers, Steinhauser, and Mazanz would have given the Sixths plenty of worry. However, as the season is young yet the Thirds may well bear watching.

The score by periods—

Sixths	-----	7	20	6	19	—	52
Thirds	-----	0	0	0	0	—	0
Officials—Besanceney, Egolf, Coleman, and Ritter.							

## DODGERS NIP FIGHTING IRISH 15-6 IN OPENER

Judging from the first game, a very spicy and brilliant season of Junior football is before us; for the season's opener presented an exhibition of Junior football as seen at its best. Both teams played clean, heady football, the superior backfield play of the Dodgers alone deciding the contest.

Hardly was the game a minute old when the Dodgers started a march down the field. True to their name, all four backfield men weaved and dodged their way steadily toward the goal. Two or three end runs by Bill Hartlage and several spectacular plunges by Foos brought the ball to the Irish ten yard line, where Kreutzer carried it over for the first touchdown. Foos then pushed over the extra point. From then on until the half neither team scored, but in the third period, after downing Gannon

behind the goal for a safety, Foos ripped his way for another six points for his team.

The losers' lone touchdown was the result of a beautifully executed forward pass from Gannon to Vandagriff in the last quarter. The play was, without a doubt, the prettiest of the game and succeeded in restoring the confidence of the Irish; as the game ended in the midst of a very flashy come-back on their part.

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### COMING FOOTBALL ATTRACTIONS

Oct. 18—Sixths vs. Fourths.

Oct. 18—Wildcats vs. Fighting Irish.

Oct. 25—Fifths vs. Thirds.

Oct. 25—Dodgers vs. Wildcats.

Nov. 1 —Fourths vs. Thirds.

Nov. 1—Pugs vs. Fighting Irish.

Nov. 8 —Sixths vs. Fifths.

Nov. 26—College vs. High School.

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A weary looking fellow who had opened all the doors looking for work happened to see a huge police advertisement which read: "MURDERER WANTED."

"Well," he said scratching his head, "it's better than nothing."

He didn't get the job.

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Professor: Mr. Stohr, order; I say order!

Stohr, sleepily: Hot cakes and coffee.

### OUR FRESHMEN SAY

Acrimony, sometimes called holy, is another name for marriage.

An Antidote is a funny story that you have heard before.

The Acropolis was the she-wolf that nursed Romeo and Juliet.

To Germinate is to become a naturalized German.

Mussolini is a sort of material used for ladies' stockings.

An Optomist is a man who looks after your eyes.

A Protoplasm is a person who is always prophesying.

A Polygon is a man who has many wives.

A Senator is half horse and half man.

The Pyramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain.

The Inhabitants of Moscow are called mosquitoes.

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An agitator was addressing a band of strikers. "Only \$12 a week," he yelled. "How can a man be a Christian on \$12 a week?"

"How," yelled a voice, "can he afford to be anything else?"

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During a recent Mission Meeting, the society was discussing whether to send a box of clothes to the Indians or to an Orphanage. A wag in the audience cried out: "Send them to the Indians—yea! to the Cleveland Indians!"

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Editor: What do you mean by telling me you have five years actual experience when you just finished your correspondence course in journalism?

Scriptor: Well, sir, you advertised for a writer with imagination.



**BELIEVE IT OR—WHAT?**

By Alodeza Soap

At St. Joe's we have a Bal with a Back on it.  
Haven't we Aggie?

Are you Conces of the fact that we have an  
expert Coleman in our midst?

It's a big school but there's only one Stohr.

I wonder if it's possible to catch a Pike near a  
Scholl and Frye it.

'One-eyed Connelly says: "It's bad enough to  
flunk; but to be Harrised about it is entirely too  
much."

Neither a Goll—ner anybody else can Forsee a  
Storm.

Within a Glick of an eyelash, Al, the Mayor, with  
a Lef—k—o'd the mighty Staudt.

Never the Lenks shall meet.

Gil Wirtz forgot to start a speech: "As General  
Manager of Sports."

---

**ENCYCLOPEDIA COLLEGEVILLIA**

Israelite: A very powerful electric lamp.

Yeast: An eastern brogue for East.

---

**AMONG THE UNSOLVED**

Einstein's Theory; St. Joe Hash; Latin; Mystery  
of the Loaded Slipper.

---

And then the absent-minded professor read an  
erroneous account of his death in a newspaper and  
sent himself a wreath.

---

Wiffy: I went to Bullino, the mind reader, yester-  
day.

Deacon: It must have been as good as a vaca-  
tion for him.

Prison Visitor: Are you fond of music?

No. 13: Yeah, I'm crazy about opening bars.

---

Guide: I could tell you stories about that cave that would raise the hair on your head.

Tourist: I don't believe it.

Guide: Then you are very brave?

Tourist: No, but I'm bald.

---

Prof. And what is your name?

Stude: Wittkofski.

Prof: I didn't quite get it; what did you say?

Stude: Wittkofski.

Prof: I beg your pardon boy, but I'm afraid that I didn't get it that time either. It sounded like Wittkofski to me.

---

Binkley: Conroy claims to be related to you and says he can prove it.

Ottenweller: Why the man's a fool.

Binkley: That may be a mere coincidence.

---

Stude: Say, waiter! How many times have I called you?

Waiter: You'll have to keep count of that yourself—I have other things to do.

---

Duzie: What's the best position for sleeping?

Wuzzie: A position as night watchman.

---

City Camper: What's this stuff?

Country Cousin: Gosh! that's poison ivy.

City Camper: Well don't worry; I just picked some; I haven't eaten any.

---

Ducky-wucky, can you do this? ZZZZZ.

O'Leary: Oo-w! Oi think Oi've got appendicitis!

Manoski: Well, what are you holding your left side for? Your appendix is on your right side.

O'Leary: Oi know it, but Oi'm left handed.

---

Boxcar Bill: Bleary eyed Sam says he smokes only quarter cigars.

Dirty Mike: That's right. Somebody else always smokes the other three quarters first, though.

---

Hubby: Well, I guess I'll go out and get a breath of fresh air.

Wife: If it's the same sort of breath you brought back with you last night you better stay home.

---

Sarcastic Boss: I noticed there were 35,000 people present on the afternoon that your grandmother was buried.

Office Boy (rising to the occasion): I couldn't swear to that sir, but grandma was always very popular.

---

Carpenter: Ouch!

Helper: What's the matter?

Carpenter: I hit the wrong nail.





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